

## The Evening World.

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## THE IDEAL SUNDAY.

As each succeeding Sunday furnishes the people of Greater New York with fresh illustration of the liberal enforcement of the Excise law they have additional reason for being satisfied with it.

Yesterday was a typical Sunday. Ideal weather invited every one out of doors. It marked the height of the excursion season; every pleasure resort was crowded, especially those near by which are now included in the limits of this wonderful city; the transportation facilities were taxed to their utmost to carry the holiday makers, but nowhere was there any turbulence or disorder, nowhere any need for a single extra policeman.

The people of New York are remarkably orderly and law-abiding and able to take care of themselves. They understand the difference between liberty and license, and while they object to puritanical blue laws they scrupulously respect and obey all reasonable legislation. Certainly by this time the experience we have had of a liberal enforcement of the Sunday laws under the interpretation of Mayor Low is sufficient to justify us in declaring that the question is settled and that New York need never fear a return to the mistaken methods which wrecked a former reform administration.

## AN ALARMING OUTLOOK.

The coal trade has notified the owners and agents of the large apartment-houses throughout the city that even if the coal strike should be settled before the end of the month it will not be possible for them to obtain more than one-half of their customary coal supply for winter use.

Thus are we gradually brought closer to the practical consequences of the strike situation. The price of coal has been gradually pushed up until now the individual consumer is made to pay ten dollars and more per ton; the city has been defiled by the soft coal smoke cloud, and at last the expected announcement has been made that a sufficient supply of coal is not to be had at any price.

The added expense put on the coal consumer is a swindle which in any other country would provoke an uprising. The annoyance and inconvenience to which he will soon be subjected are intolerable. But worst of all is the menace to health in the prospect of a scant coal supply for heating purposes. This is criminally dangerous, and if it threatens the occupants of the big apartments, what is the prospect for the winter before the poor in the tenements?

And all that the Coal Barons have to say to all this is: "We have given our ultimatum, which is that the only way for the miners to go back to work is to return unconditionally."

## MORE PROSPERITY.

The Panama Canal will involve an outlay of two or three hundred million dollars for its construction, and according to The World's Washington correspondence, it is proposed to make this outlay contribute to the prosperity of the country in the usual fashion, namely by eliminating all competition and securing all the contracting work on a strict monopoly basis.

The enterprising projectors of this plan need have little apprehension of failure or of opposition. To question its propriety would be un-American. The United States Steel Corporation has the same right to furnish all the immense supplies of steel and iron that the Beef Trust has to furnish the food supplies for the workmen; the electrical equipment will be furnished at a price agreed on by our two non-competing companies, and all the costly machinery will be furnished at quotations for the American not the foreign market.

Between the tariff and the trusts we may confidently count on the canal being made to cost as much as possible, and thereby promoting prosperity—among the favored few.

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

An artist deserting his studio in East Forty-second street left behind him a plaster statue—the little white figure of a woman draped in a Roman gown. Neighbors lacking in artistic perception but possessing a well-developed belief in the supernatural saw the white face through the window and knew at once by instinct and by the traditional sensations that it was a ghost. The proper procedure being to "lay" a ghost when found they laid it with bricks and stones and other missiles and left the house a wreck.

And this not in Salem, Mass., two centuries and more ago, but in the heart of the world's most enlightened city in the progressive twentieth century! With such a manifestation of superstition by a whole neighborhood it is to be wondered at that "mind readers," astrologers, palmists, race track tipsters "seers" and all the designing members of the fake fortune-telling fraternity grow well to do on the credulity of their patrons? We are a long way off from the witchcraft days and longer still from the superstition of the middle ages, but it appears that signs and portents awe us still and ghosts most of all. Would any one of these valiant ghost layers dare to go alone through a cemetery at night? He would be sure of meeting the sheeted dead squeaking and gibbering there.

## THE LADY FROM BOSTON.

A little Boston girl of seven, just settled in the metropolis and possessing a natural but restrained and tempered curiosity to know something about her new place of residence, began yesterday the first of a series of tours of sociological investigation. Accompanied by an older person, a man, she applied at the West Sixty-eighth street police station for a pass permitting herself and her mother to inspect the station. This permission being granted, the young investigator at once availed herself of it and examined the station-house interior carefully. She expressed herself as shocked by the primitive accommodations for prisoners. Then she visited a fire-house near by.

Ideas come early in Boston. Perhaps in this little girl Sergt. Burns was entertaining a future Susan B. Anthony or a Julia Ward Howe unawares. At any rate she is started early on the right road to distinction as Boston knows it. Another trip may take her to the east side and a few years see her a full-fledged social settlement worker presiding over a settlement of her own for the uplifting of fallen humanity in bad neighborhoods and writing learned papers thereupon for the magazines. She is a credit to her native town. Little New York girls of seven may take a livelier interest in toys and candy and dolls. She is of superior clay; one of the plain-living and high-thinking kind who redeem the world of its triviality.

## The Funny Side of Life.

## ALL THE POOR BOARDERS!

## JOKES OF OUR OWN.

## AN OLD PROVERB.

"Where there's a will there's always a way."  
Though people are apt to mistake it.  
But where there's a will, so the lawyers say,  
There's always a way to break it.

## HARD TO SEE.

Stella—Don't you think Bella's bathing suit a perfect dream?  
Jack—I think it's more like waking from a dream. At first you don't know if it's so or not.

## WORKED BOTH WAYS.

"First he went broke because customers wouldn't pay their bills; and then he got rich by joining the combine."  
So Trust is responsible for both his rise and his fall, eh?

## WELL GUARDED.

"That's a handsome office clock, years. Aren't you afraid it's too old?"  
"Never. Why, every clerk in my employ has one eye on it all day."

## BORROWED JOKES.

## DAYS OF CHIVALRY GONE.

Wife (directly)—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past.  
Husband—What's the matter now?  
"Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat!"—New York Weekly.

## THE TROUBLE.

Mrs. Wadsworth—Oh, dear!  
Mrs. Gadsam—What's the trouble?  
Mrs. Wadsworth—I'm so unhappy. My old nurse has left me and the new one I have is so unreliable that I don't feel at all easy in my mind unless I see the children at least two or three times a week. It's so exasperating!—Chicago Record-Herald.

## AS SHE REASONED IT.

"It is but natural," said Mrs. Van Scadders, "that those who possess wealth should consider themselves the best people."  
"I don't quite follow you."  
"It is an axiom that everything is for the best."  
"Yes."  
"And the people with money are the only ones who have a chance to get everything!"—Washington Star.

## SOMEBODIES.

FULLER, CAPT. R. W.—of Boston, has rounded Cape Horn twenty-two times during his sailing record of 660,000 miles.

HERRELD, CHARLES N.—is the third Norwegian-American who has been elected Governor of South Dakota.

KING HUMBERT—the late Sovereign of Italy, was the most heavily insured monarch in Europe, carrying an insurance of \$7,500,000. Edward VII. is said to carry \$2,500,000, and the Prince of Wales, \$2,500,000.

ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT—will be godfather at the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chandler's little boy at Newport this month. Julia Ward Howe will be godmother. The boy will be named Theodore Ward.

WATSON, EX-CONGRESSMAN THOMAS—says he will give \$1,000 to whomsoever can disprove his claim that he is the originator of rural free mail delivery.

WHEELLEY, MISS L. R.—is working to erect a monument to Gen. P. E. Skinner, who first admitted women to the Treasury Department on equal terms with men.

YERKES, CHARLES T.—is said to claim that men are merely in their apprenticeship until they are forty and that fifty is the ripe age of the business man.

## TO A GIRL GRADUATE.

Whither away? What road, my friend?  
It has full many a turn—  
The flight of the eagle is without end.  
But the woodthrush seeks the burn.  
Over the sea the white sails fly.  
The herons they wander far.  
The song lark soars in the azure sky.  
And the petrels cross the bar.  
Whither away? What road, my friend?  
The rover is full of fire  
But the peaceful vale where the willows bend  
Is the nightingale's desire.  
—Frank H. Sweet in the Independent.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

## The Nasty Hotel Child.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
We were out ever at a broad-brimmed summer hotel on a rainy day? If so, the racket the children make would win votes for the late lamented Herod. It is worse than a subway explosion and an "O.K." strike rolled into one. Let other victims testify. I'm no old fogey, nor do I have children, but I blame their parents for allowing them to make nuisances of themselves. R. B. BASLE.

## Where is the New Game?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where is the new game we wait for? The game that is equal to baseball or football in excitement. Surely some genius can invent it. Ping-pong is worn out. Golf is gradually being worn out.

## That Improbable Square.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
It is not at all difficult to make a magic square such as you published in The Evening World of Aug. 16. But it does not solve the problem as submitted by Major McMahon. Neither can the

problem mislabeled originally. In the diagram you publish you have an officer of each rank in each row and column, but you have not and cannot have one of each regiment. J. D. HERMAN, No. 7 West Third street, New York City.

## Except Monday and Friday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Kindly inform me what days are free to the public at the Metropolitan Art Museum in Central Park. J. M. K.

## Prefers New York to Evanston.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A correspondent congratulates "Tense J. Sagan, of Evanston, Ill." upon the splendid physique of the male inhabitants of that "burg." And I wish to say that from personal observation in that

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